wolves; we rode up as near as we could without driving them away, and halting within pistol-shot, had a good view, where I sat for a few moments upon my horse and made the sketch for this plate, in my note-book; after which we advanced, and the sneaking gang withdrew to a distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our very great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head; the gristle of his nose was mostly gone; his tongue was half demolished, and the skin and flesh of his legs torn almost literally into strings. In this "tattered and torn" condition the poor old veteran had stood, bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, in a sort of parley, recovering strength and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments.

In this group some were reclining, to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or the horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object, as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him "Now is your chance, old fellow, and you had better be off." Though blind and nearly destroyed, he seemed to recognize a friend in me; when he straightened up, and trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed in a straight line over the prairie. We turned our horses, resuming our march, and having advanced a mile or more, looked back, and on our left we saw the ill-fated animal again surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim.

Plate Nº 11.

BUFFALO HUNT. APPROACHING IN A RAVINE.

This plate represents the familiar mode of procuring meat, practised by all the voyageurs on the Missouri and other streams of that country, who run their canoes ashore where the buffaloes or other animals are discovered grazing on the banks, and cautiously stealing up under cover of a bank or other protection, shoot down the fattest of the herd. In one of my homeward voyages I descended the Missouri river the distance of 2000 miles in a canoe, having but my two hired men, "Bogard and Ba'tiste," to paddle, whilst I steered with the steering-oar. Nearly the whole of this distance was through a wild and uncultivated country of boundless green fields, inhabited only by the various Indian tribes, and the wild animals that graze upon it. Our beds were every night made in the grass, amongst the lilies and other wild flowers that everywhere spot and enamel the beautiful grassy banks of that mighty and ugly river. During the most of that voyage our food was simply buffalo meat, without bread or coffee; and in the illustration is given a very good account of one of the instances in which Bogard, Ba'tiste, and I, stepped ashore, under a beautiful range of bluffs, near the mouth of Cannon-ball River, with a view of replenishing our larder. We had for many miles been in sight of a fine herd, reposing in a beautiful vale; and having silently landed our little craft under the bank, we cautiously ascended the sloping side of a ravine, which brought us within pistol-shot of the unsuspecting herd, when at the whispered signal, "ready, fire!" each rifle brought down its victim, and our canoe was soon lined with the choicest cuts of their flesh, and again adrift upon the current. The landscape view here given is strictly a portrait, and well illustrates much of the peculiar scenery on the banks of the Upper Missouri.

Plate Nº 12.

BUFFALO HUNT. "CHASING BACK."

"Turn about is fair play," according to an old and familiar adage; and in these wild and thrilling scenes we often meet it almost too literally to be willing to admit the justness of its application. The wounded and chafed bull often turns upon its assailant, and runs him back, over the whole ground; in which unpleasant reverse he has but to balance himself upon his little horse, praying for smooth ground under its feet, and deliverance from the fury that is behind him.

"This picturesque and jagged outline of hills only requires the background of a dark, lurid cloud; and if viewed from a "distance it will need but little stretch of the imagination to conceive it to be a magnificent castle, fit for the residence of the "proudest monarch on earth.

"I was mounted on a small Indian horse; on my head was a broad-brimmed, low-crowned white hat, which, from having "often performed the double office of pillow and nightcap by night, and of umbrella by day, was almost indescribable in form; a "blue shirt, and a black velveteen shooting-jacket, with enormous pockets stuffed full of a strange miscellany of requisites, covered "my upper man. I wore neither neckcloth, braces, nor waistcoat. Around my waist was a strong leathern belt, in which were stuck "my hunting-knife and a brace of pistols in front; and at the side, a short, heavy iron-handled 'cut-and-thrust' sword; my nether "extremities were protected by a stout pair of corduroy breeches and buckskin leggins, fitting the leg; and in my right hand "was my faithful double-barrelled rifle. At length a momentary halt was given, and a hurried proclamation issued amongst the "Pawnees, that 'the men must be ready.' We were drawn up on one side of a hill, below which was a valley of no great depth, "and on the other side another hill intersected by many ravines, down each of which a black living torrent of buffaloes was "pouring into the valley. I rode towards the first which Fate threw in my way; and he seemed inclined in no way to hurry "his pace or to change the direction in which he was lazily cantering along. He was indeed a magnificent bull, of the very